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HORATIO KING.
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*Yours truly,
Horatio King.*

HORATIO KING.

FOR those who loved, admired and revered the subject of this sketch from earliest recollection, to write an impartial biography is not an easy matter. His long and honorable life was without spot or blemish in our sight, and, to avoid the appearance of undue partiality, reliance shall mainly be made upon the comments of those who knew him intimately, although not connected by ties of consanguinity.

Horatio King, the son of Samuel and Sally (Hall) King, was born in Paris, Maine, June 21, 1811. He was the seventh born of eleven children, of whom but one is now living, Cyrus S. King, of Washington, D. C. His father was a farmer, and emigrated from Massachusetts. His grandfather was George King, of Raynham, in the State last named, who, with his three brothers, served in the war for independence. George was orderly sergeant and clerk of the Raynham Company, and one of his brothers fell in the war. Like most of the old and patriotic stock of the Revolution and their immediate descendants, his ancestral relatives were staunchly democratic, which may, so far as early impressions go, account for Mr. King's political leaning.

Mr. King, always very studious, supplemented by careful study and voluminous reading and research the education which the common schools afforded. To a strong, practical training he added by his own exertions unusual literary culture, acquiring among other accomplishments a good knowledge of the French language, which aided him greatly in his subsequent official career.



The whole course of his education, meaning by that word the training of mind and body to the full development of their powers and usefulness, was thoroughly practical. For the elementary knowledge essential or highly useful to every pursuit in life, such as reading, spelling, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and geography, there were no better schools in the world than the common schools of New England, of which, in childhood and early youth, he enjoyed the full benefits; and for the useful concerns of life, a knowledge of human nature, of human character, and of our political and social conditions and institutions, never to be learned or understood in college, perhaps no one pursuit is so truly and widely useful as that of the printer and newspaper editor.

While still a youth, in the spring of 1829, he went into the office of the *Jeffersonian*, a thorough Jacksonian Democratic paper, then published in his native town. In about a year he became one of the owners, and six months after sole proprietor, being then about nineteen years of age, employing a village teacher, at a salary of twelve York shillings a week, to assist him in editing the sheet. In 1832 he cast his first vote for General Jackson, and soon after assumed the entire editorial management

of his paper. Its files show him to have been consistent and earnest in his denunciation of South Carolina nullification, and throughout General Jackson's administration the *Jeffersonian* firmly, consistently and energetically supported the old hero; and when Mr. Van Buren, by the refusal of the Senate to confirm his nomination, was recalled from England, where, during the recess, the President had sent him as minister, the *Jeffersonian* was among the first papers in the country to run up his name for the Presidency.

In 1833 the unfortunate division of the Democracy of Maine took place, and Mr. King was induced to remove his press to Portland in May of that year. The consequence was a sharp party quarrel on State and local matters, which lasted two or three years, when many of

his principal competitors, with their journalists at their head, went over bodily to the enemy, the Whigs. From first to last, he combated with like zeal, every scheme which looked toward disunion.

He continued to edit the *Jeffersonian* until 1838, when he sold the paper to the *Standard*, which was soon after merged into the *Eastern Argus*, and the *Jeffersonian* may be said to still live in the columns of that sturdy advocate of Democratic principles. This terminated his professional connection with the public press.

If anything more were wanting to complete his practical education and his knowledge of business and of human nature, what better school could have been found than that which he enjoyed in his twenty-two years' connection with all the various concerns and operations of the Post Office Department? There, if anywhere, the whole lesson was presented, and by a careful, diligent, and intelligent observer could be thoroughly learned. In that school, as was proved by his successive promotions, and especially by his eminent fitness for and usefulness in the responsible and important positions which he occupied, he was neither an indifferent nor an unsuccessful student. Gifted with a clear head, a quick perception, and indomitable industry, coupled with firm resolution to know thoroughly whatever his actual business or pursuit rendered it necessary or desirable for him to know, and brought continually into contact with shrewd, active minds, his business training was most complete and effectual.

In the fall of 1838 Mr. King went to Washington to look for a newspaper opening, and, not finding one to his mind, in March, 1839 accepted a clerkship at \$1,000 per annum in the Post Office Department, tendered him by the then Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall. Thus, at the foot of the ladder, he commenced that connection which proved alike beneficial to the country and honorable to himself, and whence he climbed, every step marked by his ability and energy, to the chief posi-

tion. He thus had the proud distinction of being the only person who has ever started in the lowest clerkship and ended with the highest office in the Department, that of Postmaster-General. For years he was corresponding clerk for New England in the contract office, a post of considerable responsibility, and requiring for the proper discharge of its duties the closest application and great labor.

Toward the close of 1850 he was placed in charge of the foreign mail service. In this connection his services were of the most efficient character, and fully entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen, from the success which, under his management, attended the effort to extend and improve our postal arrangements with foreign nations. In these days, when lines of steamships map the ocean as lines of railroad do the land, when almost every important commercial city of the world has its corresponding connection with this country, whoever really and essentially has improved this branch of the service has conferred a benefit upon nations which not only the present age, but future generations will fully appreciate.

Up to 1851, no postal conventions had been entered into with any European governments except Great Britain and Bremen; and thus, as has been well said by another, "an entirely new field was left to be explored, and one which, in view of the various lines of Atlantic steamers, just then projected and becoming more and more objects of interest and attention, opened not only an untried field, but one of vast complications and perplexities." It was to this wide and interesting scope of endeavor that he was invited, and the results which followed were eminently his work. To his comprehensive genius and that characteristic energy which he possessed in the highest degree, the nation is primarily indebted for those splendid results which have extended our postal arrangements to every part of the commercial world and gone hand and hand with the rapidly ad-

vancing strides which steam and lightning have taken in every direction. Here he had opportunity for every latent energy of his mind. He was obliged to familiarize himself with statistics and with a vast range of inquiries not heretofore made in this country. He found the postal arrangements already made with Great Britain and Bremen imperfect and unsatisfactory. They were revised and improved. With regard to Bremen, he and Hon. Rudolph Schleiden, the then Bremen Minister, prepared articles of agreement, approved by their respective governments, by which the half ounce letter rate was reduced from twenty cents (then, 1853, the lowest rate to Europe) to ten cents, which was the beginning of low postage across the Atlantic. Besides this, postal arrangements were soon in rapid succession effected with the West Indies, with several of the South American countries, and with Prussia, France, Hamburg, and Belgium.

To credit these results to the subject of this sketch does not at all detract from or depreciate the merits or services of his official superiors. They are justly entitled to the general credit of these important arrangements, in the same degree that the President enjoys the credit of a successful administration of the affairs of the Government. In both cases the laborious details are planned, arranged, and perfected by assistants and advisers, yet as the responsibility mainly attaches to the head, so the general credit should follow; but this detracts nothing from the merits or the just appreciation of the laborious and intelligent subordinate, who ascertains facts, systematizes and arranges details, and in reality formulates the entire matter, which the superior has only to examine and sanction. In this respect Mr. King, in the work of these postal arrangements, is entitled to the very highest credit, as no one could have performed the duties of his position with greater correctness and ability.

In the spring of 1854, on the death of Major Hobbie,

Mr. King, without solicitation on his part, was appointed by President Pierce to the office of First Assistant Postmaster-General. To his subordinates he was considerate, kind, and obliging; never acting captiously nor finding fault without just cause. One secret of his official success was his exactitude in keeping all his business in hand (his desk at the close of each day being always clear of papers), and his positive requirement of his clerks that everything sent to their desks should receive prompt attention. It may be mentioned here, also, that he never allowed his office door to be locked, but was always ready to receive official callers without any hindrance or embarrassment of personal introduction.

His success in dealing with so many men of all parties and all positions in life without making enemies was remarkable. It may, perhaps, be accounted for in two ways: that he had no personal interest to subserve, and manifestly cared only to know and to do what was right; and that, when obliged to refuse a request, he remembered and practiced the old saying, that "to refuse kindly what is asked you is itself a boon."

As a public officer he was indefatigable, and devoted his whole time and all the energies of his mind and body to the duties of his position. His constant endeavor was to have the work of the people, so far as he was concerned, well and faithfully executed. His efforts to protect the Department against fraud and loss of revenue were persistent. He especially labored to defeat all attempts to use the mails without paying for the privilege in contravention of the law and to the detriment of an already overburdened Department. As one of the many evidences of his zeal in this matter may be noted the fact of his sitting up all night and laboring in the House of Representatives to secure the passage of the law requiring prepayment of postage on letters, which was actually passed at five o'clock on Sunday morning. The law exacting prepayment by stamps on transient printed matter was also drafted by him; and no one having any

acquaintance with our postal affairs will need to be told that this law effects a large saving to the Department, both in respect to the weight of the mails and the extra amount of postage received.

Few men ever had the hardihood to approach him with a dishonorable proposition of any kind. The reputation for stern integrity, and the possession of it, in a place like that filled by him, are of the very highest importance; and in both respects he was entirely suited to the position. His memory, too, of what occurred in the Department during his connection with it was remarkable, and showed that, unlike many officials, he was not satisfied with the simple performance of the routine duties of his office, but had an intelligent eye to the whole operations of each bureau, and a vivid and long-enduring recollection of whatever took place under his own particular supervision.

Nor, while constantly engaged in business since the early age of nineteen, had he neglected the pursuit of literature or of science, but was proficient in both. Every leisure hour was always sedulously devoted to the acquirement of knowledge.

As a writer his style was terse, simple, vigorous and manly. His points were clear, his arguments pertinent and forcible, and his language choice and chaste.

As a politician he was always a firm and consistent Democrat, though not ultra. He lent a willing and hearty support to every Democratic administration from the time he was old enough to exercise the privileges of a citizen, and since 1861 approved every act of the Republican party that made for good government and the best interests of the people.

He held the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General until January 1, 1861, when he became Acting Postmaster-General. February 1st he was nominated by President Buchanan, and on the 12th confirmed by the Senate as Postmaster-General, serving in that capacity until the inauguration of President Lincoln and the ap-

pointment of his successor, March 7, 1861. He filled these important places with fidelity and distinguished ability. He was Postmaster-General when treason stalked with a bold front through the streets of the National Capital. As a life-long Democrat, he was intensely loyal, and remained so during the entire struggle. Though exempted by law from the performance of military duty, he furnished a representative recruit, who was duly mustered in and served in the Union Army. This exhibition of patriotism and public spirit received official acknowledgment from the Government.

After retiring from the Post Office Department, he was appointed in April, 1862, one of a Board of Commissioners to carry out the provisions of the Emancipation Proclamation in the District of Columbia. This position was tendered him by President Lincoln unsolicited, and doubtless on account of his conspicuous services near the close of the previous administration.

His associate commissioners were Daniel R. Goodloe and Dr. John M. Brodhead, with William R. Woodward as clerk, and B. M. Campbell as expert. Of this important work, Mr. Goodloe wrote :

“The whole number of claims presented within the time limited by law was nine hundred and sixty-six and the number of slaves embraced by them was three thousand one hundred. Of these claims, thirty-six in whole and twenty-one in part were rejected as the result of our investigations, for reasons of disloyalty or for defects in the titles. These rejected claims embraced one hundred and eleven slaves, for whom compensation was withheld, and, as above stated, two thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine were paid for under the Act of April 16, 1862.

“In addition to these cases, thirteen other applications were made after the expiration of three months, that being the time within which petitions were required by the act to be presented. Under the circumstances of absence and ignorance of the existence of the law, it was decided to value the slaves, twenty-eight in number, embraced in these thirteen cases, and recommend them to the favorable consideration of Congress. The claims were all paid by special appropriations. The total number of slaves paid for, therefore, was three thousand and seventeen. The twenty-eight

above referred to fell below the average, the award for them being only \$9,912.50. The commissioners recommended also two or three other cases to Congress—cases in which the right of the slaves to freedom under the act was contested on the ground that they were here as runaways. In such instances the commissioners leaned to the side of freedom, but at the same time were not unwilling for the parties to have the benefits of the law as loyal claimants.”

The duty having been expeditiously and satisfactorily completed, the Commissioners waited upon President Lincoln. “He received us,” says Mr. Goodloe, “as he did every one, with the frankness and cordiality of the honest and true-hearted man he was. When we informed him that we had finished our work, he replied that he was glad to know that somebody had finished something, and that he wished his work was done. After some pleasant conversation our Commission retired, and adjourned *sine die*.”

The service of the Commission was limited to nine months, and, on leaving office, Mr. King became an attorney before the executive departments and international commissions, which profession he followed until about 1875, when he retired as far as practicable from active business. He twice made the tour of Europe, first in 1867 and again in 1875–76. The latter tour was somewhat more extended than the first, and on his return he published a book entitled “Sketches of Travel, or Twelve Months in Europe.” While not a fluent speaker, he was for years a ready and strong writer for newspapers and magazines on political, historical, and literary subjects, some of the articles being translations from the French. He delivered an oration before the Union Literary Society of Washington, D. C., in 1841, which was published. He also originated a series of Saturday evening literary entertainments at his private residence, which became very popular and contributed very much to elevate the literary tone of the city. February 2, 1884, the one hundredth meeting was held, and the proceedings, at the

request of many citizens, were printed in a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages.

His somewhat eventful life was one of great usefulness. In all the positions he filled he inaugurated important improvements, including, within the last few years, that of the official "Penalty Envelope," a convenient and economical device; used by all the Departments of the Government in franking official mail matter, and which, it is estimated, has saved the Government at least \$100,000 every year since its introduction. He labored at least seven years with Congress to have this device ordered by law, and neither received nor expected any compensation for his efforts. It was simply "a labor of love" for the good of the service and the benefit of the Government.

This was only one of his many good deeds. He was always a public spirited citizen. For sixteen years he took great pleasure in his duties as a member, and most of the time as Secretary, of the Washington National Monument Society, and had the great satisfaction of witnessing the completion and dedication of the beautiful marble obelisk, a magnificent tribute to the memory of the Father of His Country. Congress, having put the monument and everything concerning it under the charge of the War Department, and the work allotted to the Society having been accomplished, he, with other of his associates, tendered their resignations. He resolutely and successfully opposed the placing in the monument of a large and elaborate tablet containing the names of the members of the Society, declaring that the monument was not erected for their glorification.

In 1894, Mr. King was induced to collect his most important writings, and in 1895 they were published in a handsome volume entitled "Turning on the Light." A brief biographical sketch and an excellent portrait preceded the selections. The volume is largely taken up with a defense of the administration of James Buchanan, complete and unanswerable. The

opportunities afforded Mr. King for a very thorough knowledge of the acts and motives which inspired Mr. Buchanan render his statements of the utmost value, and he had no fear but that future history would fully relieve the memory of that distinguished statesman from the aspersions inspired by ignorance or partisan rancor.

It contained also many interesting articles both in prose and verse, some of them of a historical character and well worthy of perpetuation.

Of the poetical articles, one especially seems to reach the standard of true poetry and is inserted here.

LIFE.

O Life ! what mystery thy birth enshrouds !
 For ages past hath man in vain essayed
 This mystery to solve—thy origin to learn.
 O Soul ! my soul ! speak out and tell me clear,
 Whence came thou here ? whence thy deep yearning for
 Immortal life ? Methinks I hear thee say,
 “ Be still and trust. In God we live and move,
 And have our being ; more we cannot know.”
 Ah, true ! but this great truth, full well I know,
 Thy restless spirit ne’er will satisfy.
 In One all-ruling Power we must, we do
 Believe. No revelation, save what all
 May read in Nature’s open book, need we
 To prove that this is so. When we recall
 The countless wonders of the universe,
 From merest atom to the glorious sun,
 And stars, and planets, in their order, all
 In perfect harmony upborne—and earth,
 So fraught with beauty, grandeur, light, and life—
 All, all proclaim One over-ruling Hand.
 But this, does this assurance give that we,
 The vale of death once passed, shall live again ?
 That in a higher, purer sphere, our souls
 Shall mingle in communion sweet, and know,
 As we, in this life present, one another know ?
 Momentous questions these, that ever rise
 And constant audience seek. ’Tis true, the words

Of revelation come belief to claim—
 All doubt dispel ; yet few, methinks, are there
 Who do not crave more light. Whence shall this come ?
 Whither to end all doubt, seek we for proof ?
 Not, surely, in the groveling passions of
 The carnal heart, that drag to lowest depths
 And darkness dire ; but upward, upward, where
 The mental vision scope may take afar,
 Without obstruction from the earth below,
 We can ascend. United by the bonds
 Of love, and taking for our guide the rule—
 The Golden Rule that never leads astray—
 Our souls may rise to regions clear, so full
 Of heavenly light that 'twixt eternal life
 And this, no barrier appears.

In 1890, at Portland, Maine, Mr. King delivered a poem at the Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, of which he was made an honorary member.

In 1893 he was a guest of the city on the Centennial Anniversary of Portland.

In June, 1896, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Dickinson College, at which, many years before, he had read, at the Anniversary exercises of the Literary Societies, a poem entitled "Employment Necessary to Happiness."

He passed the winters in Washington, and since 1882, about four months each season resided at his summer home in West Newton, Mass. One of his last thoughts expressed was the anticipation of soon leaving for his northern home.

May 25, 1835, he married Anne Collins, of Portland, Maine, by whom he had seven children, only three of whom, Mrs. Annie A. Cole, of Washington, D. C., Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Henry F. King, of West Newton, Mass., survive. The others died young. His first wife died September 22, 1869, and he married, February 8, 1875, Isabella G. Osborne, of Auburn, N. Y., who survives him.

In November, 1896, he had a severe attack of the grip, which for a week threatened his life. Although rallying from the disease, it left him greatly weakened and he failed rapidly. For the first time his handwriting, which had always been as steady, clear and legible as copperplate printing, was tremulous, and he wrote with evident difficulty. But his mental faculties remained active and his interest in public, and especially postal affairs, did not relax. In March he dictated a very earnest plea to Hon. James W. Gary, the Postmaster General, against the removal of the Post Office Department to the new building on Pennsylvania Avenue, and urged the purchase of the block west of the old Department building for its proper extension.

He talked freely of his expected departure, saying he was "awaiting orders," and that he was simply going to step across the street, as it were, and join his friends who had gone before. He was an advocate of cremation, and directed this disposition of his body months before his death.

About ten days prior to his decease it was manifest that the end was rapidly approaching. The brain was still clear, and continued so to the very end, but the noble heart was nearly worn out. On the 18th of May, about 3 a. m., the members of the family resident in Washington were hastily summoned to his bedside, as he seemed to be dying; but he rallied, and in the afternoon his elder son arrived from New York, and spent five hours in pleasant communion with him, until called back by the death of his own daughter. The next morning, the younger son, with his wife, arrived from Boston, and although Mr. King died ten minutes later, there is no doubt but that he recognized their presence.

Thus passed peacefully away a man whose whole life had been "*sans peur et sans reproche*." His career is one of the most remarkable in the history of this country. With opportunities for a very limited education, without strong political or social influence, he rose by his own exertions

and merit from a subordinate position to the head of the Post Office Department—an incident, as already stated, without parallel in the political annals of the United States. Through all administrations he commanded the respect of every one, and in the retirement of private life, for more than thirty-five years, he was held in the highest esteem by the people of Washington, and by all with whom he had social or business relations. The large attendance at the funeral services and the many testimonials received, a part only of which are here published, give an inadequate idea of the high place he held in the hearts and minds of those who knew him.

In his pocketbook were found these two sentiments, on paper yellow and worn with age:—

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

“ There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With raptures which Earth's children may not know,
Where sweet repose the storm-tossed heart is stilling,
And harmonies celestial ever flow.”

His daily life was the exponent of both, and the serenity with which he awaited the summons to go evinced his abiding faith in a blissful hereafter.

He was a notable example to the youth of his country. Born and bred under circumstances which gave him no greater advantages than are enjoyed by a large majority of the young men of our Union, he attained by his own energy, industry, and perseverance, an exalted station, and made for himself a name and a reputation of which any man may well be proud. He succeeded because he diligently and untiringly used the means, and the only sure means, to accomplish those ends.

TESTIMONIALS.

British Embassy, Washington,
May 21, 1897.

Dear Sir: I beg you to accept the assurance of my deep sympathy and that of Lady Pauncefote with you and your family in the loss you have sustained by the death of your distinguished father, which you have announced to me with the request that we should attend the funeral service to-morrow at 3. Lady Pauncefote regrets that she will be unable to do so, but I will certainly avail myself of your permission to be present on that sad occasion. I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,

JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

Mr. Henry F. King.

British Embassy, Washington,
May 21, 1897.

My Dear Sirs: I beg you will accept and convey to Mrs. King the sincere thanks of Lady Pauncefote and myself for the kind sentiments expressed in your note. It was a great satisfaction to us to offer our tribute of esteem and regard to the memory of your lamented father, whose eminent talents and great charm of character we fully appreciate.

Believe me, very truly yours,

JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

To Messrs. H. C. and H. F. King.

Washington, May 21, 1897.

Mr. Henry F. King, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I was very sorry to hear of the death of my dear friend the Honorable Horatio King, and I beg of you

to express to Mrs. King, Mrs. Romero's and my own deepest sympathy in her bereavement. * * *

I am very respectfully,

M. ROMERO.

(Mexican Minister.)

Department of State, Washington, D. C.,

May 24, 1897.

Mr. Henry F. King.

My Dear Sir: It was a matter of sincere regret that I was not able to attend your father's funeral, on account of an engagement made which I could not very well avoid. I had the highest respect for him when living, and deeply deplore his death. He was honorable in all things, and especially serviceable in the public positions he held under the Government.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

Navy Department, Washington,

May 21, 1897.

My Dear Mr. King: Allow me to express my great sympathy with you in the death of your father, Hon. Horatio King, and the great respect which I entertain for his memory. His death is a matter of peculiar sadness to me, remembering as I do that he came from the same county in which I was born, and the great credit he reflected upon the place by his activity. * * *

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

Henry F. King, Esq., Washington, D. C.

Office of the Postmaster-General,

Washington, D. C., May 21, 1897.

My Dear Sir: Please pardon the tardiness of this acknowledgment of your note of yesterday, informing me of the death of your distinguished father, ex-Postmaster-General King.

I have ordered the flags of this Department to be hung at half mast to-day and to-morrow. * * *

It would not be possible for me adequately to express the affectionate regard of the entire body of employees of this Department for your lamented father.

Believe me, very truly yours,

JAS. A. GARY.

Washington, D. C., May 25, 1897.

Henry F. King, Esq.

My Dear Mr. King: Absence in New York on Saturday last prevented my attendance at your father's funeral. Had I been in Washington, I should have felt it a duty to attend, because of the official bond between us, but this, I assure you, would have been the least of the motives impelling me to do honor to his memory. For many years, long before my entrance into public life, or my accession to the position he had so honorably attained, I was permitted to enjoy his acquaintance and his friendship. His public career was truly a remarkable one, a rich heritage to his family and an inspiration to his countrymen. To have advanced by successive steps and by merit alone, from a minor clerkship to the head of his Department, and to have left behind him so many monuments of usefulness and faithful public service, is a tribute to his memory in the permanent record of his country which no words of eulogy can equal or approach. No wonder his long years of after life were so bright and so honored by the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. I have often admired, and especially in recent years, the cheerful serenity of his old age, his kindly interest in all things that affected his fellow-men, and his warm-hearted and intelligent patriotism, all founded on consciousness of official duty well done and of a blameless and honored private life.

While I sympathize with you in the natural sorrow at the death of a beloved father, I felicitate you that the

record of his life is so full of comfort and of great pride to his children.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. L. WILSON.

(Ex-Postmaster-General.)

Committee on Naval Affairs,

House of Representatives, U. S.

May 24, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King : * * * I thank you for remembering me at so sad a time for you, and wish I might have been able to pay tribute by my presence to the eminent character of one who has reflected so much honor upon his native State, and whose genial temperament and unfailing courtesy render it a pleasure to feel that he regarded me as a friend. * * *

I am, sincerely yours,

C. A. BOUTELLE.

Hotel Maryland,

May 21, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King : I wish to tender you my sincerest sympathy in your great—I may say double sorrow—the loss of your husband and grand-daughter. As the last surviving member of my uncle's cabinet, and one who has been unfaltering in his friendship—ever loyal and true to his old chief—I feel especially grieved at this news. I hope to be present at the funeral, if at Washington, and I can learn the time and place in season to attend.

Renewing my expressions of sincerest condolence to you and to the General, believe me, dear Mrs. King,

Yours faithfully,

J. BUCHANAN HENRY.

63 Mount Vernon St., Boston,

June, 1897.

Mrs. Horatio King.

Dear Madam : It is with profound regret and sorrow

that I learned of the "passing away" of your distinguished and noble husband. He had been so long before the public eye that he seemed to be for the present, and that no "past" was to be written against his unsullied name.

In summer we expected to find him in West Newton and in winter at your hospitable home in Washington. His fame is in his country's history, and his memory will be cherished with loving remembrance by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. * * *

With the highest respect and cordial regard, I am,

Truly yours,

WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

(Ex-Governor of Massachusetts.)

Office of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.,

May 23, 1897.

Dear Mrs. King: * * * A great man has passed away, a noble soul has been called before the Great White Throne and has been welcomed by the King of Kings, with those glorious words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The thought of death brings but little dread to men like your noble husband; he realized the beautiful idea conveyed in a couplet I read not long since, which is so touching that I repeat it:

"I know not where his islets lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

* * * *

Sincerely yours,

JOHN M. WILSON,

Brig.-Gen., Chief of Engineers.

Mrs. Horatio King.

Dear Mrs. King: I must send you a line of affectionate sympathy in your sorrow. The death of your good husband, the life long friend of dear Mr. Winthrop, recalls many happy meetings we have had at Brookline and in your own home, which I know will seem very lonely. May God comfort you.

Yours affectionately,

JULIA G. IRVING.

1205 K Street, May 21, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: The news received yesterday comes heavily laden with sincere grief to each member of my family.

Your dear husband was a fast friend of mine, and among the first I made in Washington, now nearly forty years ago.

He was a true man in the broadest and best sense, and has surely "joined the choir invisible of the immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence" here on earth. * * *

Respectfully,

A. S. SOLOMONS.

Washington, D. C., May 21, 1897.

Dear Mrs. King: * * * A long and most agreeable acquaintance enables me to know his many rare excellencies of head and heart, and I deeply grieve at his departure. It is the lot of but few men to leave a record of so long, useful and honorable a life and so fragrant a memory of the most kindly and genial social relations, which your good husband so eminently enjoyed.

Sincerely yours,

J. ORMOND WILSON.

1116 Thirteenth Street, Sunday Morning.

Dear Mrs. King: The inclosed I had with me yesterday

p. m., and became so excited and oppressed by the deserted temple of the great and noble soul that had escaped that I was utterly overcome.

As I stepped around for the full face, I was startled by the effigy of natural sleep, which the serene and noble head and face wore. Surely that head would live, the eyes and mouth open, melt into a smile, and lips utter the usual pleasant greeting! * * *

Most sincerely yours,

A. G. RIDDLE.

Mrs. Horatio King.

No. 1621 H Street, Washington, D. C.,

May 22, 1897.

Dear Sir: Mrs. Davis and I are very much touched by your letter of the 20th, which reaches us this morning. It was my purpose to testify the great respect and esteem in which I held your honored father in his lifetime, by being present at the services to-day. Mrs. Davis would have done the same had she not an engagement elsewhere which she cannot break. Please present her and my warm sympathy to Mrs. King and the family.

Yours very truly,

J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS.

Henry F. King, Esq.

1679 Thirty-first Street, N. W.,

Washington, D. C., May 26, 1897.

Dear Annie and Mary: I can no longer refrain from writing to express my deepest sympathy for you both in your great loss. It must indeed be a bitter cup of sorrow for you to drink when I can feel so grieved, who am not at all related to him and have seen so little of him for years. Yet, as I stood and looked at his face, chilled by death, which I had so often seen to brighten with interest in the presence of a friend, a thousand memories of the old days when I first knew him rushed across my mind.

He seemed to have been reared upon the milk of human kindness, and ever ready to give of his very best; happy, indeed, if he could please his friends.

Over twenty years ago, your father inaugurated the "Literary Reunions," which proved to be the most entertaining association held here for many years. During these now historic evenings, scarcely a man or woman of note visited our city without enjoying the "King Reunions." And all pronounced them the simplest and at the same time the most enjoyable of any literary circle ever before held in Washington. * * * The Reunions were continued to the delight and instruction of all who attended them. Nearly every subject in English literature, science, art, and music was read, declaimed, satirized, sang or played, spiced with many dishes of the purest humor. For the guests, it would be impossible to remember the half of the distinguished people entertained in those historic rooms. * * *

Your father was always pleased when a friend of his had been fortunate in business, or was successful in his ambitions. There was no envy or jealousy in his nature.

These are only memories now. But a pleasant memory is a great factor in life. I would that these memories might come to you often, and stay with you long, to drive away the shadows until the time when the call shall come which shall unite you both to him in a world where shadows never come.

Your friend,

MARY E. NEALY.

Kensington, Md., May 21, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: * * * Mr. King was a public spirited citizen with right desires for the general good. I remember him in earlier days when in the enjoyment of vigorous manhood he was always anxious to do his part. His interest was for many years potently felt in the development of the social life of the newer Washington; as old age crept upon him and claimed his energy, he, of course,

had to withdraw from many of the activities which formerly engaged him. He was, however, always helpful, and he held to the last an honorable place in the affairs of the National Capital.

I can do no more to comfort you than to extend my sincere sympathy, and bring to your notice that you have the kindly interest and respect of thousands of people whom you do not know and from whom you may have no outward expression.

Sincerely your friend,

B. H. WARNER.

Mrs. Horatio King.

Rochester, N. Y., May 20, 1897.

Dear General King: * * * You have, as have all who knew and loved your father, the dear delight of beautiful memories. The passing from this life of such a man, ripe and rich in years and character, while it makes this world poorer, makes all that pertains to true manhood and citizenship seem more worthy of attainment. We are comforted to have been honored by the regard of one who knew how to make life worth living. * * *

Most sincerely yours,

H. S. GREENLEAF.

1751 P Street, May 21, 1897.

Dear Mrs. King: I send you for myself and for my family our condolence. My memory of Mr. King runs back through a long series of years, every one of which is marked by some special monument of his kind heart. He will always occur to me as one who loved our city on its intellectual side. The recollection of one so good will, I am sure, mitigate your sorrow. Let me be among those who lay this tribute of respect upon his grave.

I am, ever sincerely yours,

O. T. MASON.

(Smithsonian Institution.)

Mrs. Horatio King.

St. Helene, Des Moines, Iowa,
May 22, 1897.

My Dear Friend : * * * The first thought that came to me when we had all expressed our great sorrow at the first news yesterday morning, was this : Mr. King, more than any one I know, filled his life with duties and with deeds that were a constant striving for the higher and the better life ; and his aspiration and his effort were a constant example and stimulus to the many who came near him and felt his influence. Mr. Byers feels this also so strongly that there could have been in his case no regret at having left undone what might have been done in his life. There was indeed no vacant niche, no idle moment ; all was activity, sympathy—a betterment of his fellow-men. * * *

Affectionately your friend,
MARGARET BYERS.

Department of Excise,
New York, May 22, 1897.

Dear General : * * * He was my friend, and he was also the loyal friend of his country. In the melancholy days when we had so little of pleasure or recreation, those Saturday evenings at his home in Washington were bright spots in many lives. There are but a few left of those who used to meet there. By far the greater number have passed beyond the view. Now our genial host has followed them, and the few of us who “lag superfluous on the stage” will not be long behind them. We shall be much more fortunate than I hope to be if, when our records are made up, they will show that we were as useful in our day and generation as General Horatio King. He has left to you, General, the legacy of an unspotted reputation and the example of a useful life. * * *

Yours very truly,
L. E. CHITTENDEN,
(Ex-Register of the Treasury.)

Gen. Horatio C. King.

West Newton, Mass., May 23, 1897.

Dear Grandma: * * * The earnest lesson taught me by his life is one I shall always cherish and never forget. His kingdom has come, and we who knew him as one who endeared himself to all by his many, many acts of kindness and friendship, know how surpassing great will be his reward.

May your grief be lightened by time and the kind thoughts and deeds of those who would try to turn your sorrowing thoughts only into a sweet memory of the man whom we all loved so well.

Your saddened, affectionate grandson,

ROLAND.

June 6, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: I thank you for remembering me with the consoling and beautiful "In Memoriam" of your dear, good husband. His was a bright and beautiful life entitled to such a tribute. Of all I left behind in Washington, I always keep in glad memory his hospitable home, and the grace and courtesy which adorned it, as well as the best type of the gentleman, whose welcome I was sure to meet.

I am, truly yours,

H. L. DAWES.

Mrs. Horatio King,
Washington, D. C.

252 West Forty-second Street, New York,
June 6, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: Owing to serious indisposition, I crave indulgence for a laggard pen, in rendering tribute to the memory of your lamented husband. As an old friend of my family, Mr. King took kindly interest in my girlish effusions, and at his own instance placed several of my earliest poems with Forney's *Philadelphia Press*, several of the Washington papers, and notably with the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond,

Va. Favours of various kinds have flowed along with the current of the years. His last benefaction was the procuring for me of an autograph copy of "America," by its distinguished author, Rev. S. F. Smith, and possibly his last transcription, as his sudden death soon followed. I hold Mr. King's many acts of kindness in grateful remembrance. I had hoped to meet you both this summer, during your stay in Newton. With kind regards and deep sympathy for you and yours,

I remain, yours most sincerely,

(MRS.) E. A. S. PAGE.

HON. HORATIO KING.

Obiit May 20, 1897.

There opes, at last, on every human path,
 A mystic gate which turns on hinge of peace
 And lets us through to silence. In that hour
 Earth's vain distinctions, pride of place or power,
 Riches and honors, fall to empty dust;
 But the clear record of an earnest life,
 Purposeful aims, and high ideals won—
 Stands unassailed by circumstance or change,
 And guards the memory from Oblivion's touch,
 Safe as carved marbles. Friend of years lang syne,
 Whose added decades weave a golden round,—
 Henceforth no message from the busy pen
 Brings greeting, nor farewell; but in that land
 Where life moves on, to statelier rhythm set,
 And fair pursuits transcend our earthly dreams—
 Thy ripened powers shall find sublimer aims
 And bear rich fruitage through unending years.

MRS. E. A. S. PAGE.

June, 1897.

Providence, R. I., May 22, 1897.

Dear Aunt Isabel: I cannot refrain from expressing to you my deep sympathy in the death of Uncle Horatio. * * * I feel a sense of personal loneliness when I think that he is with us no longer. I was always very fond of him, and enjoyed meeting him so much, and though of

late we have not often been permitted to see each other,
yet he had a large place in my affectionate esteem. * * *

Affectionately yours,

HENRY M. KING.

Washington, May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam : * * * My long acquaintance with your distinguished husband only served to increase my respect for him, and I have many reasons for feeling thankful for his esteem and friendship. I am sure you must feel happy over the high reputation he obtained. * * *

Very sincerely,

NATHAN A. C. SMITH.

Mrs. Horatio King.

1905 N Street, Washington, D. C.,

May 20, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King : * * * Now that the end has come, I cannot forbear adding my tribute of respect to his memory and of heartfelt sympathy to you. His life has indeed had its full ripening, and his age (I cannot call it old age) has seemed to me happy and fruitful beyond the common lot. He seemed to have and enjoy the leisure of life's evening, its freedom from strenuous competition and severe personal anxieties, while feeling so much less than most the weariness and exhaustion of one who has borne his full share of the heat and burden of the day.

Most sincerely and affectionately your friend,

MARY J. EASTMAN.

314 Indiana Avenue, Washington, D. C.,

May 20, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: Keen sorrow has marked the hours of this sad day. Mr. King was one of my oldest Washington friends. In the years that I have known him his course has always been that of the patriotic citizen

of the Republic, the honest man and the loyal and faithful friend. He has exercised a wide influence for good in his day and generation, and his passing leaves a space in life that will not soon be filled. His most enduring monument will be in the hearts of those who have known him well. * * *

Sincerely yours,

MARY VAN VRANKEN.

Newtonville, Mass., May 21, 1897.

Dear Mrs. King: * * * We shall miss him in his summer home. I used to enjoy my talks with him. I could not but think that he now knows what he was so curious to know. Those were pleasant gatherings at your house which we shall delight to remember. * * *

Yours truly,

(Rev.) H. J. PATRICK.

New York, June 18, 1897.

Gen. Horatio C. King.

My Dear General: * * * I deeply sympathize with you, dear general, in your recent bereavement and in the loss of such a magnificent father and wonderful man. He has adorned the public life of Washington with the superb career of an honest statesman.

Yours truly,

JAS. R. O'BEIRNE,

Commissioner of Public Charities.

West Newton, May 21, 1897.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. King: * * * We have known and felt honored in the friendship of your father these many years. His presence in our streets was a benediction to old and young; so kind and courteous a gentleman exerts a most beneficial and uplifting influence to the whole village.

It is this silent influence of your father which will not die as the body is removed from sight. "He is not dead

but sleepeth," can be said by you, Mr. King, as it was said of Lazarus by Jesus.

Your friends,

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. ALLEN.

43 West Newton Street, Boston, Mass.,

May 23, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. King: * * * It must be, however, a great comfort to you to think that your husband was spared to you for so many years; that his long life was one of great and continuous usefulness and honor, without a stain; that he was held in high esteem by all who knew him, including hundreds of the best and most eminent men in the nation; and that when he passed away, he "fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;" and though

"Fate seemed to wind him for fourscore years,
Yet freshly he ran on five winters more
Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

1622 Rhode Island Avenue,

Monday, May 24.

Dear Annie: It is three months to-day since my mother's death, and I have been thinking a great deal about you during the last few days, well knowing what painful scenes you were passing through.

Although your father had lived to very old age, and you could not have been unprepared to part with him, it is doubtless a severe trial. You were fortunate in having him so long. He was only one year my father's senior, and he has been gone nearly fourteen years. And, like him, your father retained his faculties unimpaired, and was, I believe, in good physical condition until recently, which was a comfort to all concerned.

I am sorry to think I shall not again see Mr. King. It

was always a pleasure to meet him. We had expected to pay him the respect of attending his funeral, but circumstances arose which rendered it impossible. I shall, however, call upon you very soon.

The old must die—but how very sad was the death of your niece! I deeply sympathize with her father. My father's heart was nearly broken by the death of my nineteen years old sister.

With friendly sympathy and best wishes, I am, yours sincerely,

REBEKAH BLACK HORNSBY.

May 31, 1897.

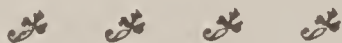
Dear Mrs. King: With unfeigned sorrow do I learn on my return home from the West of the death of your dear husband, my warm friend for many years. To have been present at his funeral would have been a sad satisfaction, but I was absent from the city at the time and knew nothing of the occurrence till now, when I find a note from his son advising me. I need not say to you how greatly I valued your dear husband's friendship, or how deeply I sympathize with you in your widowhood and loneliness. Oh, how rapidly they are passing over! May the Heavenly Father help us to bide our time, and when we are called may no fear affright us!

Ever your sincere friend,

B. SUNDERLAND.

Letters of condolence were also received from: Hon. Justin S. Morrill, General and Mrs. Miles, Hon. and Mrs. J. L. Mitchell, Mrs. Fannie W. Hotchkiss, Dr. A. D. Huntington, Hon. Daniel Morgan, Miss Charlotte L. Rockwell, Mrs. Florence A. Vance, Mrs. Mary E. MacArthur, Miss Anna MacArthur, Mrs. Sarah Magruder, Prof. and Mrs. J. R. Eastman, Judge A. P. Hagner, Miss Anna McMaster, Mrs. Amy E. Drinkwater, Mrs. Louisa Hall, Mrs. Julia Schayer, Mrs. Abbey L. Philbrooke, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham, Mrs. A. L. Ruter Dufour, Mrs. M. J. M. Sweat, Mrs. Annie S. Page, Mrs. Laura W. Hodgkins, Mrs. Alice Key Browne, Mrs.

Mary V. Balentine, Mrs. Louisa D. Clark, Mrs. James C. Welling, Mrs. Louise Conness Rich, Miss Sarah C. Upton, Miss Isobel Leuman, Mrs. Lillian Barnard, Mrs. J. W. Parker, Mrs. Virginia Bestor, Mrs. M. W. Lowe, Mrs. Heloise M. Hersey, Mrs. Eleanor S. Hay, Mrs. J. Sayles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willard, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Billings, Mrs. S. F. Smith, Judge and Mrs. Weldon, Mrs. Arthur H. Taber, Mrs. R. F. Rhees, Miss E. Hinckley, Miss Elizabeth King, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. M. Bellows, Mrs. Charles Wyman, Miss Grace D. Litchfield, Mrs. Henry Lambert, Mrs. Lucy Stagg (London), Mrs. E. S. Morse, Messrs. Madison Davis, Gardiner P. Gates, C B. Rheem, M. F. King, Asahel Wheeler, Otis Bigelow, Edward Tiffany and others.



NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

[*Boston Herald, May 21.*]

Washington, D. C., May 20, 1897.—Gen. Horatio King, who was Postmaster-General in the Buchanan administration, died at his home in this city, at 8:25 o'clock this morning, as a result of an attack of the grip during the winter, from which he never rallied. He had been confined to his home for some weeks.

Horatio King was born in Paris, Me., in June, 1811. In his youth he learned the printer's trade, and in his early manhood, in company with Hannibal Hamlin, he edited and published a newspaper called the *Jeffersonian*. In 1839 he went to Washington as a clerk in the Post Office Department. He was gradually promoted until, in 1854, he became First Assistant Postmaster-General. This was during the term of Judge Campbell, of Pennsylvania, as Postmaster-General. Mr. King retained this position until he became Postmaster-General upon the appointment of Joseph Holt, who was Buchanan's second Postmaster-General, as Secretary of War. In January, 1861, while he was Acting Postmaster-General, Mr. King, in his reply to a South Carolina member of Congress, was the first officially to deny the power of a State to separate from the Union.

After his retirement from the Post Office Department, in March, 1861, Mr. King continued to live in Washington, except that he spent his summers in West Newton, Mass. His only governmental employment during these years was as a commissioner to carry into effect the emancipation law in the District of Columbia. He continued to take a lively interest in matters pertaining to the post office. He helped materially, for instance, in the passage of the three acts of 1874, 1879 and 1885 respectively, providing for the use by the executive departments of the

government of penalty envelopes which have saved a great amount of money to the government. Mr. King practiced law before the Departments, wrote to the local newspapers, and generally took an active interest in what was going on in the world. He was for many years Secretary of the Washington National Monument Association, resigning in 1894.

Interviewed by a news reporter in 1894 at his summer home in West Newton, Gen. King said: "I was not appointed a member of Buchanan's original Cabinet. Gov. Brown, of Tennessee, was his choice for Postmaster-General upon his accession to the Presidency, and at his demise in 1859 Gen. Holt, of Kentucky, was appointed, who succeeded Floyd as Secretary of War in December, 1860. I, the then First Assistant Postmaster-General, was appointed to fill the vacancy, making, I think I may be allowed to say without vanity or egotism, the first instance on record in the history of the republic where a man rose from the lowest clerkship to the head of the Department.

"My youth passed much the same as that of any boy brought up in the country towns of that time, and it was not until 1830 that I began to take an active interest in the outside world, then being nineteen years of age.

"At that time I was employed as—I think you would call it the printer's devil, now—on a small weekly paper called the *Jeffersonian*, published in the town. Hannibal Hamlin was then interested in the paper, and it was in conjunction with him, after a relative of mine had purchased an interest in it for me, that the paper was published. Neither Hamlin nor I knew enough about editing a paper at that time to take the position ourselves; so we hired a schoolmaster of the town as editor-in-chief, paying him—think of it!—\$1.50 per week for his services; and yet, I remember distinctly that that \$1.50 per week served to secure him board and lodging at one of the best houses in town. By the way, this schoolmaster-editor of

ours afterward became a judge on the Supreme Bench of the State.

“ We had a circulation of but 500, which my partner, Hamlin, declared to be insufficient to support both of us. Perhaps he was right ; but at all events, he came to me with the proposition, ‘ buy or sell,’ and ‘ buy ’ I did, with the help of my uncle. I thus became proprietor, editor, foreman of the composing room, and still retained my old place as printer’s devil.

“ It was along in the ’30’s that I made up my mind that there was room for a paper like mine in the city of Portland, and acting on the decision, at once removed myself and effects from Paris to Portland. The removal was done by a team, and I remember that we printed the inside pages of the paper in Paris before moving, and the outside in Portland, thus losing no issue.

“ Politics in Portland at that time were in a singular condition. The policy of the *Eastern Argus*, then, with the *Hartford Times*, edited by the afterward Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, and the *Boston Courier*, had alienated some of its formerly devoted adherents, among others Judge Preble, Wade and Gen. Chandler, a veteran of the war of 1812.

“ My paper, still the *Jeffersonian*, was not in accord with their views. I am, and always was, a Democrat, but a Union Democrat from the start. I was not in accord with William Lloyd Garrison, nor with Wendell Phillips, believing that the South should be allowed to attend to its own affairs in its way, and to settle the problem of slavery without the constant caviling and interference of the North.

“ These malcontents determined upon starting a paper of their own, and start it they did, under the name of the *Standard*. But the *Jeffersonian* was ever ‘ a thorn in their side,’ and in the latter part of 1837 they made me an offer for my paper, its plant, good will, etc., and I closed with them, notifying my subscribers that they

could have the option of receiving the *Standard* in its stead or of receiving their money back.

“ I was at that time twenty-six years of age, married, with two children, and after my debts had all been settled, was worth, perhaps, \$1,000, not more than that. Debt I have ever had an abhorrence of, and do not think that I ever owed a man for anything longer than a month.

“ In casting my eyes over the field, Washington seemed to offer the most promise in a newspaper sense, and shortly after the sale of my paper I removed there, taking with me letters of the highest recommendation from the then United States senators from Maine, Ruel Williams and George Evans, also from all the members of Congress from my State, sufficient to-day, I am told, to secure any one a foreign mission.

“ On arriving in Washington, I looked the ground over, but nothing promising seemed to offer just then in my profession. The little money that I had was fast melting away, and I determined to apply for an office. This I did, at the Post Office Department, presenting my letters of recommendation to Postmaster-General Kendall, of Martin Van Buren’s Cabinet, and to my great satisfaction I was appointed a clerk in that Department at a salary of \$1,000 in gold per year.

“ My first years in the Department were pleasant ones. Government employees then enjoyed a good deal of consideration, and it was possible to live very comfortably in Washington on \$1,000 a year. So much so was it that in a few years I had bought and paid for the house in which, with considerable additions, my family reside in Washington to-day.

“ By virtue of my acquaintance with New England matters, I was appointed, shortly after, clerk in charge of the New England mails, looking after the letting of contracts, subcontracts, etc. It was while in this position that I made the acquaintance of nearly all the distinguished men from New England of that day.

“ Soon after, I was appointed clerk in charge of the

foreign mails, the position now known as superintendent of foreign mails, and for twelve years I labored, endeavoring to organize that important branch of the postal service into some systematic shape. My letters can be found to-day in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg—in fact, in nearly every modern capital of the world.

“It was during the latter part of my service in the foreign mails department that the position of chief clerk of the department was offered to me, which I refused.

“It was the Postmaster-General of President Pierce’s Cabinet who came to me in 1854 and told me that both the President and himself desired me to take the office of First Assistant Postmaster-General, and after thinking the matter over I finally decided to accept, as much for the sake of my family as anything, the salary of the office being \$3,000.

“When Buchanan was inaugurated President in 1856 he appointed Gov. Brown, of Tennessee, as his Postmaster-General, and at Brown’s solicitation I remained his First Assistant Postmaster-General, although I honestly expected to be removed, knowing that most of the Cabinet were opposed to my appointment. Buchanan at first I did not like, but as I grew to know him better I learned to appreciate him better, and eventually we became warm friends, he often sending for me on certain occasions when he wanted my advice.

“From my post on the inside I could see events hastening to a climax, from which there seemed no outcome but that most terrible of all events, civil war. I was for the Union—the Union always—but I thought then, and I think now, looking back to those times through the lapse of the years, that the North itself had assumed an attitude toward the South which was as bitterly exasperating as the constant application of lunar caustic would be to a raw sore. The Southerners of any prominence I knew and esteemed. They knew that I was a Democrat, but they also knew that I was loyal to my section. To me

they talked freely, and from them I learned to appreciate the fact—note this, it is most significant—that to the broader-minded of them slavery was indeed a problem which they were endeavoring to solve. I know, perhaps, what the people of the North still do not know, that steps were on the point of being taken in Virginia and Maryland as early as 1856–57 looking toward a gradual freeing of the slaves. But the constant interference from the North, the proddings of William Lloyd Garrison, whom I remember as having been dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck; of Wendell Phillips, and others of their like, and to crown all, the constant disappearance of slaves to the North via the ‘underground railway,’ put a stop to these efforts of large-minded and far-sighted Virginians and Marylanders, and consolidated the opposition to Northern aggression.

“The afterward President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, was then a senator from Mississippi, a cold, reserved, vain sort of a man, who had been Secretary of War in President Pierce’s cabinet. I did not know him very well—in fact, I did not want to.

“Robert Toombs, of Georgia, haughty, arrogant, even insolent, was also a senator. He had the most profound contempt for the spirit of the North, but he was afterward destined to suffer by it.

“Events hastened to a close. In 1859, John Brown, whose course in Kansas and Nebraska I had watched with uneasiness, made his ever memorable raid upon Harper’s Ferry. The wave of indignation which swept through the South and Southwest thrilled Washington to the core. Personally, I had not one atom of sympathy for John Brown. I called him then and I call him now a murderer. The fact that he was undoubtedly a fanatic, a monomaniac upon the subject of slavery, may, in part, serve to lessen the magnitude of his crime.

“The breach continued to widen. Public men commenced to look upon a conflict as unavoidable.

“In 1859 Postmaster-General Brown, of Tennessee, died,

and in the interim between his death and the appointment of his successor I was the incumbent of the office. The new appointee, Judge Holt, of Kentucky, was in every way qualified for the place. He was loyal to the core, and it was due to his strong influence in his native State that Kentucky was saved from going out of the Union in 1861. I formed a strong friendship with him, which continues until this day.

“The year '59 passed out and '60 was ushered in. The political atmosphere was ominous. A calm, surcharged with electricity, seemed to be brooding over the land. Loyal men in Washington were sick with anxiety and anticipation. Day after day, in the Senate and the House, seditious speeches were made with scarce a veil of concealment. Treason was rampant.

“I knew Buchanan's Cabinet. I knew Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; and I knew them to be traitors at heart. They thought secession must come, and were making preparations for it. I know of the stormy sessions of the Cabinet, when Buchanan, sick with anxiety and physical weakness, would seem to bend before the wordy violence of Floyd and Cobb. I have known him to receive the Cabinet in his own room, wrapped in his dressing gown, so great was his feebleness.

“Mason and Slidell, of Virginia, and Jefferson Davis seemed to have access to him at pleasure, and were wont to rage frantically at some real or assumed injury. This I learned from Buchanan himself, who occasionally sent for me and for my superior in office.

“The Vice-President, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was hesitating between the Union and secession. A more charming man in person, in deportment and in generosity it would have been hard to find. I loved him like a brother. Many a night afterward did I walk the floor of the Post Office Department building with him, begging and pleading with him to throw

his weight and influence for the Union, explaining to him the condition of sentiment at the North and of its boundless resources, prophesying failure and disaster to the South; and he hesitated. I will say now, for the first time, that I believe that when John C. Breckenridge signed the secret articles of secession he was under the influence of his own whisky—in a word, he was drunk.

“Buchanan has been accused almost universally by the North of having secretly aided the secessionists; of having been hostile to his own section. But in spite of such assertions, backed up as they will seem to be with documentary evidence, I tell you that James Buchanan was a Union man at heart. From his talks with me in private and from private sources of information I know this—I am certain of it.

“His sole thought, his one desire, was to put off, to ward off, the shadow of disaster which he saw looming up in his path—to throw over to the next administration the onus of grappling with it. He felt himself to be unequal to the task. He was a sick man, broken down by anxiety and constant bickerings; a sensitive man, wounded to the quick by the distrust of the North.

“But finally the acts of his Cabinet became too open, too brazen.

“In December, 1860, demand was secretly made on Floyd and Cobb to hand in their resignations or to stand impeachment. As this would have precipitated matters to a crisis before they were prepared for it, they took advantage of the opportunity prepared for them, with the understanding of the President, and resigned their portfolios in simulated anger.

“Judge Holt was at once appointed Secretary of War, and I became Postmaster-General. I immediately set out for New York on a secret mission, my object being to induce John A. Dix, the then postmaster of New York, to accept the vacant portfolio of the Treasury. This was at the request of the President.

“I had understood at first that Dix was to have had

the War Department, and that Judge Holt was to come back to the Post Office Department, but it was decided otherwise. My mission was successful. Gen. Dix accepted, and became Secretary of the Treasury. Edwin M. Stanton, afterward Lincoln's famous Secretary of War, became Attorney-General in place of Jackson.

"I performed the duties of Postmaster-General for the short remainder of Buchanan's term, and at Mr. Lincoln's own request for three days under him, so that I can say that I have served under 'Uncle Abe.'

"In 1862, at the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, I was appointed one of the Commission to appraise their separate values. No man against whom any overt act against the government could be proved was entitled to receive any indemnity, so that the decisions in a good many instances were perplexing ones.

"The immediate enfranchisement of the negro was, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest crimes ever perpetrated upon the South.

"Since the war I have appeared at various times before committees in favor of claimants, and I have generally won my case, too.

"One thing of which I am proud is the fact that I was the means of securing the use of the present official envelope of the Departments, although I had a long struggle of seven years to secure it.

"During the fifty-six years in which I have resided in Washington I have seen many great changes. The Post-Office Department which, when I first entered it in 1839, had perhaps 100 employes, more or less, now numbers an army, and the other Departments in like ratio. I have seen all the Presidents from Van Buren to Cleveland, and two wars, one of them the bloodiest, the hardest fought and the longest of modern times. I would that I might round out the full century. Even in the next seven years I look for some startling changes, and I should like to be a witness of them; but God's will be done. I would not change His decree if I could."

[*Evening Star, D. C., May 20.*]

HORATIO KING.

The death to-day of Horatio King takes from the National Capital one of its historic citizens. He was one of the few remaining men who were identified prominently with the stirring days previous to the war of the rebellion, and the records of the government are filled with references to his work. His impress was left particularly upon the postal service of the government, with which he was identified in many capacities, rising from an humble clerkship to be the head of that important Department. His connection with this great branch of the administration of national affairs occurred at a formative period, when ideas were of especial value, and to his genius and untiring energy was due much of the great progress that has been since accomplished. It is a coincidence to be noted that his death occurs during the session here of the International Postal Congress. Much of Mr. King's best work was done in the line of developing the foreign postal service; so it may be said that, in a measure, he was responsible for the possibility of such a significant gathering as that now in session in this city. Mr. King's unflagging enterprise during the later years of his life enabled him to publish, as recently as two years ago, an interesting and important work under the title "Turning on the Light," in which he set forth much information of unusual value regarding the dark days preceding the war, when Washington was the scene of many stirring events of which Mr. King was an observer at close range. Personal participation in many episodes bearing heavily upon the fate of the nation enabled him to speak with authority, and it was fitting that his remarkable career, so replete with good deeds and patriotic acts and thoughts, should be practically closed with such a work.

[*San Francisco Chronicle.*]

It seems like a revival of another generation to read the

report of the death of Horatio King, who was Postmaster-General during Buchanan's administration, and who dropped completely out of all public life and recollection more than twenty years ago. Of the men who were his contemporaries, very few are now alive, and fewer still are active in public affairs.

[*Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.*]

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HORATIO KING.

On the broad pages of the *Argus* I desire to be enrolled as one of the many who grieve because Horatio King is dead.

All are not men who wear the human form : Horatio King was a man.

The remarkable family of which he was a member ; his native State ; the city of his adoption ; his country and the human race all have cause to revere, to admire and to love him. Were I to write his epitaph, it would be :

“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

LARISTON WARD SMALL.

[*Boston Transcript, May 20.*]

DEATH OF A VENERABLE PUBLIC SERVANT.

The death of Hon. Horatio King at the age of eighty-six, lacking a month and a day, recalls some of the most stirring times of the century when he was an active force in public affairs. He was a grandson of a revolutionary soldier, and was one of the self-made men of his day. He began life as the owner and editor of the *Jeffersonian*, a paper published at one time at Paris, Me., but afterward removed to Portland. The name of the journal was indicative of his political predilections. When twenty-eight years of age he became identified with the postal service

of the country by appointment as clerk in the Department, and in that service he steadily advanced, by the force of his own merits, it may be presumed, as he later came to be the head of it, and left a record of ability and progress in connection with the position.

He was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General under President Pierce in 1854, and held that place until February, 1861, when he was appointed to the full position, though as Acting Postmaster-General he had been prominent before that and had, perhaps, more to do with the real reforms of the service than the man who was at one time nominally his superior. Mr. King was the third postmaster-general under Buchanan's administration. The other two were Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee, and Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, the latter being transferred to the War Department.

It was while acting head of the Department that he was questioned by a member of Congress from South Carolina with regard to the franking privilege, and in his reply, it is said, he was the first officially to deny the right of a State to separate from the Union, and his influence was of great importance in a Cabinet that was honeycombed with treason. He retained the confidence of the new war administration, and served on a board of commissioners to carry into execution the emancipation law in the District of Columbia. He was an intimate friend of the late Nahum Capen, of Boston, who was postmaster of this city under Buchanan, and established the system of collecting letters from street boxes.

Mr. King always felt a deep interest in all public affairs and in the postal service especially. In 1874, 1879 and 1885, respectively, he was active in securing the passage of three acts requiring the use of the official "penalty envelope," which has saved a great deal to the government. It is an interesting coincidence that his death occurs at the time that the Universal Postal Congress is sitting in the city where his long and valuable labors were devoted to the cause which that body is endeavoring to advance.

[*Utica Observer*, May 20.]

HORATIO KING.

Until to-day the oldest living ex-Postmaster-General of the United States was Horatio King, of Washington, father of Gen. Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, who was our Democratic candidate for Secretary of State a few years ago. But this morning the old Postmaster-General passed away at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

Gen. King's service as Postmaster-General was brief, but his name is honorably identified with the service. He was a printer and an editor and publisher in Paris, Me., and went to Washington in 1839 as a clerk in the Post Office Department. In 1854 he was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General. His chief at the beginning of 1861 was Postmaster-General Joseph Holt. The war was coming on. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, resigned preparatory to going with the then future Confederacy. President Buchanan did not go out of his Cabinet to find Floyd's successor, but transferred Postmaster-General Holt to the War Department, and made King Postmaster-General. This was February 12, and Gen. King served only until March 7 the same year. In Holt's absence in January preceding, Gen. King, as Acting Postmaster-General, had the opportunity, replying to a Southern member of Congress, to be the first to officially deny the power of a State to separate from the Union. His appointment as Holt's successor by Buchanan had therefore a significance which ought not to be, but is, generally forgotten.

After his retirement Gen. King remained a resident of Washington. He was useful as a commissioner to carry into effect the emancipation law in the District of Columbia. Until 1875 he practiced law before the executive departments and international commissions, and then—twenty-two years ago—he retired from active life.

[*Washington Post*, May 23.]

FUNERAL OF HORATIO KING.

Funeral services over the remains of the late Horatio King were held at three o'clock yesterday afternoon at the family home, 707 H street Northwest, where he lived for nearly fifty-one years. The flags on the public buildings were at half-mast during the day, in honor of the late ex-Postmaster-General.

Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, of St. John's Church, conducted the services, and after offering a prayer read the brief burial service of the Episcopal Church. Music was rendered by a quartet from the Assembly Presbyterian Church choir. In compliance with the wishes of Mr. King, two hymns, written by himself on his trips to Europe, in 1867 and 1875, were sung, one to the tune of "Federal Street," the other to original music, by Prof. Theo. I. King.

Members of the family present were the widow, the eldest son, Gen. Horatio C. King; a daughter, Mrs. Annie A. Cole, and her daughter; Henry F. King, another son, and wife; Cyrus S. King, the only surviving brother of Horatio King, and wife and daughter; a nephew, Prof. Theo. I. King, and wife; Rev. G. M. P. King, another nephew; Miss Jane Maria Seavey, a niece, and Dr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Talbot, the latter a sister of Mrs. King. Mrs. Horatio C. King was so prostrated by the long illness and death of her daughter Ethel, who was buried on Friday, that she was unable to attend.

The house was filled with the friends of the deceased, and among the many distinguished persons present were: Sir Julian Pauncefote, Hon. Nelson Dingley and Mrs. Dingley, Senator and Mrs. William B. Frye, ex-Gov. and Mrs. Sidney Perham, Judge Lawrence Weldon and Mrs. Weldon, Prof. Simon Newcomb and Miss Newcomb, Prof. William Harkness, Prof. and Mrs. John R. Eastman, Senator Joseph R. Hawley and Mrs. Hawley, Hon. J. Bancroft Davis, Brig.-Gen. John M. Wilson, Hon. A. R.

Spofford and Miss Spofford, Judge Sanders Johnston, Prof. J. W. Hunt, Gen. Curtis, Mr. D. R. Haines, Judge Martin F. Morris, Senator John L. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, J. Ormond Wilson, Mr. James Morrell, Mr. John R. Major, Mr. Frederick L. Harvey, Mr. William J. Rhees, Mrs. A. L. Hughes, ex Commissioner and Mrs. J. B. Edmonds, Dr. Frank H. Bigelow and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin and others.

At the request of the family flowers were generally omitted, and there were only two beautiful wreaths of roses, one in commemoration of his granddaughter, who died May 19, and the other from Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote. The casket was covered with plain black cloth, and on the foot was placed a sheaf of wheat.

The interment is to be private, and the body will be placed in the Congressional Cemetery on Monday morning.

[*Evening Star*, May 25.]

BURIAL OF HORATIO KING.

The remains of Horatio King were placed in his lot in the Congressional Cemetery yesterday morning. Only his immediate family and his brother and wife were present. On the grave were placed a wreath on behalf of his grandchild, Miss Ethel King, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died May 19, and the beautiful wreath sent to the funeral services May 22 by Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote, in their loving sympathy. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. King should be laid away on the birthday of Queen Victoria, and his last resting place be beautified by the offering of her most exalted representative in this country.

[*Washington Times*, May 23.]

HORATIO KING'S OBSEQUIES.

The funeral services of the late Horatio King were conducted at his late residence, No. 707 H street North-

west, yesterday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, officiating. The music was furnished by a female quartet from the choir of Assembly Church, Mrs. Lelia J. Speer, first soprano; Miss Ella C. Lyman, second soprano; Mrs. Blanche Campbell Brown, first alto; Miss Florence R. Keene, second alto, directed by Prof. Theo, I. King.

The service was largely attended by many of the acquaintances of the deceased and was very impressive.

In compliance with the wishes of the deceased, two hymns, written by him on his trips to Europe in 1867 and 1875, were sung. The first, which was sung to the tune of "Federal Street," was this:

Great God, we come with grateful hearts,
 To offer up our thanks to Thee;
 For all Thy mercies, all Thy care
 Of us, Thy children, on the sea.

Oh! bear us safely to the shore;
 With one united voice we pray;
 To Thee we look—Thee we adore—
 To Thee our heartfelt homage pay.

Watch o'er us evermore, and guide
 Our footsteps wheresoe'er we be;
 In storm, or sunshine, oh! abide
 With us, Thy children, on the sea.

Then shall we feel no dread alarm;
 Our souls will rest in peace on Thee;
 Our trust sincere; safe from all harm;
 Behold Thy children on the sea.

After the reading of the Episcopal burial service, the second hymn was sung to original music.

Father of Light and Love.

FOR FEMALE VOICES.

Composed for and sung at the funeral of Horatio King, May 22, 1897.

Words by HORATIO KING.

Music by THEO I. KING.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing soprano and alto voices. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "1. Fa-ther of Light and Love, ... High on Thy throne a-bove. Give us Thine ear. ... All weak and power-less, we, Thy chil-dren on the sea, Would turn our thoughts to Thee, ... And noth-ing fear.... of our King— His will o-bey. ...". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "cres" (crescendo) and "do.". There are also first and second endings marked "1. & 2." and "3.".

1. Fa-ther of Light and Love, ... High on Thy throne a-bove. Give
us Thine ear. ... All weak and power-less, we, Thy chil-dren
on the sea, Would turn our thoughts to Thee, ... And
noth-ing fear.... of our King— His will o-bey. ...

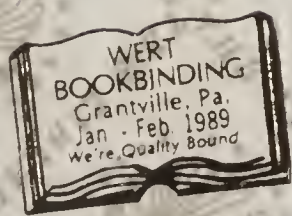
2 O God, in Thee we trust;
On Jesus' bosom must
Our safety be;
Then would we ever rest
Our heads upon His breast—
The haven e'er the best,
On land or sea.

3 Oh, take us safe to shore;
Thy guidance we implore
From day to day;
To Thee our thanks we bring;
Give us all hearts to sing
The praises of our King—
His will obey.

The relatives present were the widow of the deceased; his son, Gen. Horatio C. King; his daughter, Mrs. Annie A. Cole, and her daughter; his son, Henry F. King, and wife; his only surviving brother, Cyrus S. King, wife and daughter; his nephew, Prof. Theo I. King, and wife; his nephew, Rev. G. M. P. King; his niece, Miss Jane Maria Seavey, and Dr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Talbot, the latter a sister of Mrs. Horatio King.







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